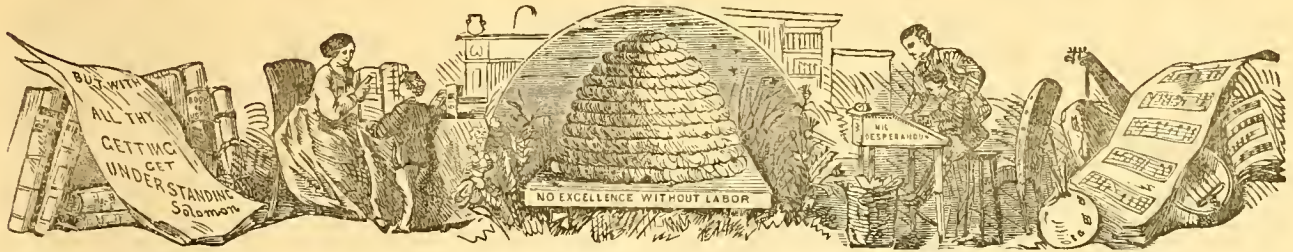


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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NO. 4.

INDIANS GATHERING SAP.

THIS engraving is very illustrative of Indian life at present and in bygone days, during the months of March and April, in the sugar bushes of the Canadas and the Eastern States. Many years ago the Indians could tap trees and make molasses and sugar where it suited them best. This is now very much changed; they must now either confine themselves to their own lands, or ask permission of the owners of sugar maple groves.

By viewing the picture closely you will observe an Indian with an ax raised to chop a tree. The tree is a sugar maple. He is doing what is called tapping, that is, making a slanting incision in the trunk of the tree. It is cut that the sap will not waste, but run to the bottom of the cut. Below this a spile is driven into

the tree, a place having been made with a steel or iron chisel, called a spile driver, about two inches wide and circular in form. The spiles are generally made of free, straight-splitting cedar wood, about eighteen inches in length, and, being split with a spile driver, are hollow and rounding in form. This arrangement conveys the sap away from the tree, from which it drops into a trough, generally made out of black ash or

basswood. The troughs are made of proper-sized trees, so that in cutting them off into about three-foot lengths, each length, when split and hollowed out, makes two troughs, which will hold sap, when properly made, care having to be taken not to split the ends. As these troughs become filled with sap they are emptied into buckets, as shown in the engraving. It is then carried to camp and poured into sugar kettles

or store troughs. Sugar kettles are of different sizes, holding from fifteen to as much as seventy-five gallons. They are usually made of cast iron, and suspended over a fire, as in the illustration. Store troughs are made by cutting large trees into lengths of from twelve to twenty feet, and hollowing out as the smaller ones, already described.



Our engraving does not show any store troughs, but they were indispensably necessary in early times of sugar making, as, in a good running time, the sap would increase faster than it could be boiled down, unless quite a number of kettles were used. At the sugar camp, (the place where the boiling down is done), the store troughs are located, and are made with a capacity of from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty

gallons, or even more. In making sugar, the sap is boiled down until it becomes thick molasses, when it requires to be carefully watched and kept boiling slowly. Too much fire would burn the thick molasses and the sugar would be damaged. This would spoil its sale; still, I well remember, as children, we were very fond of eating sugar a little scorched. This last process is called by English-speaking people, "sugaring off," during which operation the thick molasses requires to be constantly stirred. When sufficiently boiled, it becomes granulated, and is then ready to be put into vessels and cooled into cakes to suit the convenience and taste of the manufacturer. The best seasons for sugar making is when there is snow on the ground, when the days are warm and the nights frosty.

To give an idea of the amount of sugar, etc., that can be made in a favorable season, I may cite one instance. On a farm of my father's, containing a good sugar bush, the man renting, with the help of his wife and adopted daughter, made 800 lbs. of good sugar, four barrels of molasses, and two barrels of vinegar, before commencing their spring farm work.

Maple molasses is generally considered preferable to any other kind, being free from those ingredients which produce canker. Maple vinegar is also very choice.

This primitive mode of making molasses and sugar is superseded, in many places, by a more scientific system.

While on my late mission to Canada, I visited the farm of a Mr. Losser, not a great distance from the town of Woodstock, county of Oxford, Ontario, where there was a splendid little establishment for manufacturing maple syrup and sugar. In his maple grove, no young timber was allowed to grow but maple. The grove was also cleared of all dead timber. It contained a convenient boiling house, in which was a nice evaporator, placed over furnaces, which required very little fuel to make the necessary heat for reducing the sap. Instead of the old-fashioned sap and store-troughs, he used nice clean buckets and cisterns. The buckets were carefully hosed when not in use; and instead of gathering the sap as in the illustration, it was hauled to the factory by teams. Instead of tapping with an axe, he bored a hole with an inch auger, as this damages the trees less than the old fashioned way.

In this way a beautiful clear article of sugar and syrup can be made, while on the old plan the sugar and molasses are generally dark.

With the destruction of the eastern forests, this once great branch of industry has almost become a thing of the past. I well remember that my father, while engaged in the manufacture of leather, boots, shoes, harness, etc., used to receive in exchange for his goods, tons of maple sugar.

In writing on this subject, my mind runs back to boyhood's days, when, after the death of my father, I determined to be no encumbrance to my mother; and found employment with my brother-in-law, near the town of Stratford, Perth County, Ontario. During the spring of the year 1860, we tapped trees, gathered sap and made several barrels of molasses and vinegar. My brother, Charles W., some of my sisters, and other youthful companions, used to visit us at the sugar bush; and what merry times we had, seated around the fires at night, boiling and pulling taffy, singing songs, telling stories, and listening to the lonesome noise of the owls, which were very plentiful during those early days!

Last summer I visited the place where once we had so much sport; but alas! all was changed! No tree or stump was left to mark the maple forest! It had been destroyed, and a field of spring wheat occupied its place, which was scarcely worth harvesting, owing to the destructive ravages of

the Hessian fly, or joint-worm, and midge. Around this field, in a pasture, I found the real "ironclad" emigrant grasshoppers in great numbers. So one of the scenes and haunts of youthful pleasures is in the possession of destroyers, who will yet preach, by their destruction of crops, sermons that will claim a hearing, where I, as a humble servant of God, failed to.

The Indians of Canada still make some maple molasses and sugar, but in small quantities compared with what they used to. They do but little hunting, and some fishing, having excellent fishing grounds. They live chiefly by agriculture, peeling and selling hemlock bark, making baskets, ax handles and whip stocks.

While at Kingston, on Lake Ontario, and Frontinac Bay, last summer, I was kindly invited by three young gentlemen friends to take a boat ride, which I cheerfully accepted. We rowed up the bay, passing a nice little island, upon which was built a house surrounded by an orchard, which was evidently much neglected. Continuing up the bay about three miles, we discovered a tent in the woods, and some few Indians around it. Landing on the shore, we visited the camp. We saw a squaw leaving with a back load of baskets, and two large Indians preparing materials for the manufacture of more. I was interested in observing the process of preparing the splints, which is as follows: A piece of black ash timber, about six inches in diameter, was placed on a solid rock, and pounded with the back of an axe, the stick being turned until it was all pounded. Then, with a heavy butcher knife, the stick was split at the end, towards the centre, in widths to suit the wares needed; when each year's growth would strip off the length of the stick. These were then trimmed, and some dyed, when they were ready to be made into baskets. In this way are manufactured the splints, which some of our sisters use in ornamenting their houses.

While noticing the manufacture of splints, I heard the sound of a child in the tent. I passed around to the mouth of it, and discovered a negro girl, of about 11 or 12 years of age, feeding bread and milk to a fine white child, about a year old, which had pretty large blue eyes. I asked one of the Indians if the white child was his. Being able to speak good English, he replied, "Yes; that is, it was given us by a white girl down the St. Lawrence river, to raise."

I said, "Some unfortunate white girl, I presume." He answered, "Yes."

I thought I truly had found the place where races had met. What a sad reflection, when Indians become the philanthropists, to raise unfortunate white children.

During our conversation the Indians seemed kind, and rather intelligent. W. H. SEEGRILLER.

TENACITY OF VEGETABLE LIFE.—The duration and tenacity of vegetable life, as seen in the length of time during which the seeds of certain plants will retain their vitality, are truly wonderful! We may cite the following as an example:

Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took the root from the mummy's hand, planted it, and in the course of a few weeks it burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.

BOOK OF MORMON SKETCHES.

BY JAS. A. LITTLE.

(Continued.)

THE spies sent by Alma to watch the movements of the Amlicites returned the following day, in great haste, and exhibited much fear. They stated that they had followed the Amlicites into the land of Minon, south of the land of Zarahemla. There they saw them join a numerous army of Lamanites, and attack the Nephites in that land, who were fleeing, with their flocks and herds, towards the land of Zarahemla. The danger of their getting possession of the city seemed imminent, unless the army of Alma hastened to its defense. Alma immediately marched for Zarahemla. In attempting to cross from the east to the west side of the Sidon, the army of Alma was attacked by the combined forces of the Amlicites and Lamanites. They not only had the advantage of a superior number, but also the choice of time and place of attack. Alma and Amlici had a fierce personal encounter, in which Alma slew his opponent. A personal conflict followed between Alma and the king of the Lamanites, but the latter fled, and sent his guards to contend with Alma.

The possession of the crossing of the Sidon was evidently contested by the leaders and choicest troops of the contending armies. Alma and his guards were finally successful in clearing the west bank of the river. They were fighting for their capital city, their homes, their wives and their children. They made such havoc among the Lamanites that the dead had to be thrown into the river to make room for the army to cross. Notwithstanding the superior numbers of the Lamanites and Amlicites, they were defeated, and retreated towards the wilderness north-west of the river Sidon. They were pursued and slaughtered until they reached the wilderness called Heremounts. This was infested by wild beasts. Many of the Lamanites and Amlicites died of their wounds, and were devoured by beasts and vultures, and their bones were afterwards heaped upon the earth.

This was a terrible battle. The dead were so numerous that they were not counted. The Nephites, after burying their dead, returned to their homes. Many of their women and children had been slain by the enemy, and flocks and herds and much grain had been destroyed.

The Amlicites, although white like the Nephites, were distinguished by a red mark in their foreheads, in imitation of the Lamanites, but had not shorn their heads like the latter. The Lamanites at this time went to battle naked, except a skin about their loins. Both nations appear to have been armed alike, both having swords, cimeters, bows and arrows, etc., but no defensive armor.

Not many days after the battle at the crossing of the Sidon, another army of Lamanites attacked the Nephites at the same place where they had first met the Amlicites. Alma sent a numerous army against them, but did not go himself, on account of a wound he had received. The Lamanites were again driven from the country, and peace was established for a time.

These wars and contentions took place in the fifth year of the reign of the judges, or 87, B. C. It was a year of great calamities. Many thousands of human beings were slain in battle during that year. The afflictions and sorrows caused by this terrible war began to work a reformation among the Nephites, and many were baptized under the hand of Alma,

who had been consecrated high priest over the church by his father. During the year 85, B. C., 3,500 people were united to the church by baptism.

At this time the Nephites were very unstable and fickle in their religious faith and moral condition. Many of the members of the church began to be proud of their wealth, and haughty in their demeanor, which greatly grieved Alma and those connected with him in the priesthood. There was not only hatred and persecution among the members of the church, but more pride than among those who did not belong to it. The wickedness of the church became so great that its members set a bad example to unbelievers. There was inequality; the poor were despised, and works of charity were neglected. The apostasy became so general that Alma determined to devote his time to the work of the ministry. For this purpose he recommended one Nephihah for chief judge. The people elected him to succeed Alma, who retained his office as high priest, and devoted his time to preaching the gospel and administering in its ordinances. He labored first through the land of Zarahemla, and then through the surrounding countries. He was very successful in his ministry. Many were baptized, and the church was strengthened and built up throughout the land, except in the city Ammonihah, which was west of Sidon. The majority of the inhabitants of this city were very wicked, and persecuted Alma and the few who received his testimony. Some of these were cast out and stoned, and others were burned to death. Alma and his companion, Amulek, were imprisoned and abused for some days, when the power of the Lord was manifested in their deliverance, by the falling of the prison walls in which they were confined, and the killing of many of their persecutors, who were inside, while Alma and Amulek escaped unharmed.

At this time there were many lawyers among the Nephites, who appear to have made it their business to stir up litigation to get gain. As the historian states that Mosiah made laws regulating the pay of judges, and the mode of judicial procedure, it is probable there had been an organized judiciary long before the supreme power was placed in the hands of the judges. Debtors were compelled to pay their debts, or "be cast out from among the people as a thief and a robber."

The Nephites had a well-regulated currency of gold and silver, a system of reckoning and a standard of measure. These things, and the evident purity of their laws and their strict administration, prove that they were in a high state of civilization.

There had now been peace for several years; but on the fifth day of the second month of the year 81, B. C., there was a cry of war throughout the land. An army of Lamanites had come in on the wilderness side, and attacked the city of Ammonihah. Before the Nephites could raise a sufficient force to attack them they had destroyed the people of the city, and some on the borders of the land of Noah, and had taken others captive into the wilderness. This was the fulfillment of the prophecy of Alma, when preaching in the city of Ammonihah. Zoram and his two sons, Lehi and Ala, were the leading generals of the Nephite army. They sent and inquired of Alma, as high priest, whether they should go to meet the Lamanites. Alma told them that the enemy would cross the river Sidon, in the south wilderness, beyond the land of Manti, and directed them to meet the enemy on the east side of the river. The Nephite army followed the directions of Alma, attacked the Lamanites in the south wilderness, scattered them, released the captive Nephites and returned them to their own lands. Not one of these was lost,

while every inhabitant of Ammonihah, together with the city, was destroyed.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

MENTION was made, in the last number, of letters which passed between Joseph and Governor Ford. A few days before they were written Joseph addressed the Nauvoo Legion, which was drawn up in the street close to his house. He stood, dressed in his full uniform as Lieutenant General, on the top of the frame of a building, so that his voice might be heard by the thousands present.

Joseph was a most noble-looking, angelic man at ordinary times; but on that occasion there was a grand dignity in his appearance that was very impressive. He spoke with remarkable power, even for him, whose discourses were always powerful and heart-piercing. The vast assemblage listened to his words with breathless attention. He had them under his control, and they were imbued with the same spirit that filled him. Had he expressed a wish to meet the mob and fight it, they would have gone with joy. It is no wonder the prophet's words sank deep into their hearts; it is no wonder that to their sight he appeared exceedingly grand, or that his words impressed them so deeply. It was the last time, in the flesh, that they were to listen to the music of his voice, or to feel the spell of his inspiration and genius. It was his last public discourse! Little did his hearers think that in a few short days that godlike form, so perfect in its manly beauty, could be locked in the arms of death, and that that voice, whose eloquence entranced them, would never more be heard from mortal lips. The great love which they bore him would have prompted hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of those then present, to gladly die for him. But though he had spoken for some time past in a manner to convey the idea that he was not to remain long in their midst, and had often remarked in public and in private that the authority and the burden and responsibility which rested upon him he had transferred to the Twelve Apostles, yet none seemed to realize that the time for his departure from this life was drawing near. For some reason it seemed as though the minds of the people were incapable of comprehending such an event. Joseph, and the work of God which he had established, appeared so inseparably connected in their minds that they had not conceived it possible for that work to progress without him. Hence, his words, in reference to his leaving them, were not understood, and were almost passed unheeded; and another consequence was, he was not watched over with that vigilance and shielded with that care that he should have been. His friends did not perceive this then; but afterwards they did, and sorrowed over it. Even in this discourse he had talked about his death as a possible, not to say a probable, event.

An idea had prevailed in some people's minds that if the wicked could only gratify their thirst for blood by killing Joseph, they would be satisfied, and draw off. But he assured his audience that as soon as they had shed his blood, they would thirst for the blood of every man in whose heart dwelt

a single spark of the spirit of the fullness of the gospel. It was not his destruction alone they sought, but that of every man and woman who dared to believe the doctrines that God had inspired him to teach. The subsequent history of this Church shows how truly his words on this subject have been fulfilled.

He alluded to the labor of the Saints in turning the bleak and barren prairies and swamps into beautiful farms, towns and cities; yet the men who sought the Saints' destruction cried "thief," "treason," etc., while at the same time they themselves violated the laws, stole and plundered from their neighbors, and sought to destroy the innocent, doing these things to screen themselves from the just punishment of their crimes. He called God and angels and all men to witness that he and the Saints were innocent of the charges which were brought against them by their enemies, through the public prints. He gave a recital of all that had happened, and the cause which had led to the excitement that then prevailed. He asked the Legion if they would stand by him and sustain, at the peril of their lives, the laws of the country and the liberties and privileges which his fathers and theirs had transmitted unto them, and sealed with their blood. One universal response went up from the multitude assembled, that they would. He then called all men, from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and from Mexico to British America, whose hearts thrilled with horror to behold the rights of freemen trampled under foot, to deliver the Latter-day Saints from the cruel hand of oppression and misrule to which they had long been subjected. He drew his sword and presented it to heaven, saying, "I have unsheathed my sword with a firm and unalterable determination that this people shall have their legal rights and be protected from mob violence, or my blood shall be spilt upon the ground like water, and my body sent to the silent tomb." He said while he lived he never would tamely submit to the dominion of cursed mobocracy; he would welcome death rather than endure such oppression.

Though we do not see it stated in the written report of his sermon, which was compiled from memory after his death, we recollect that he declared that peace should be taken from the land, to all of which the people said "Amen."

Two days after making this address, he wrote to John Tyler, who was then President of the United States, enclosing copies of affidavits respecting the troubles, and asking him whether he, as president of the United States, would render that protection which the Constitution provided, and save the innocent and oppressed from horrid persecution.

While Joseph lived he spared no pains to bring the real situation of the Saints and the persecutions they had endured, to the knowledge of the authorities of the land. The Lord had commanded His Saints to sue for peace, not only to the people who had smitten them, but also to all people, and to lift up the ensign of peace and make a proclamation for peace to the ends of the earth. This, Joseph and the Saints did. The Lord also commanded them to "importune at the feet of the judge, and if he heed them not, let them importune at the feet of the governor, and if the governor heed them not, let them importune at the feet of the president." This revelation they fulfilled, and the Lord promised that, "If the president heed them not, then will the Lord arise and go forth out of His hiding place, and in His fury vex the nation." He and the Saints having done all that they could in appealing to judges, governors, and to presidents, had of necessity to leave their cause with the Lord.

(To be Continued.)

THE THREE ERAS.

BY HANNAH T. KING.

(Continued.)

MY dear boys! Boys, shall I offend you by using the term? I hope not; I like it. It speaks to me of other days, gone never to return! I will, however, use it but this once. I was going to say, to-day you complete your twenty-first year. What an event to you and to me! Where are the babes I loved so fervently, and hugged and kissed so fondly, and talked innocent nonsense to? Where are the riotous, restless boys, wild as hawks, and their spirits as untameable? Oh, where are the youths of whom I felt so proud, and loved so fondly, on whom so many anxious feelings have been spent, so many doubts, and fears, and hopes, and wishes, and so many prayers called forth? Do I find them in the full-grown men before me? Aye, verily; but it is with a sigh I do so. Why? Because they will be no longer all to me, or rather I shall not be all to them. They are no longer all mine; they must belong to others—to the world. Of course they must, for this end were they sent upon the earth; for this end have I reared them. Then hush, my fond heart, hush! Mine they are, and mine they must ever be. If they do well I shall rejoice, and conscience will whisper, "I taught the boy," and there will be a satisfaction the world will neither give nor take away. But if they do ill—no, I will not look on that side of the picture. I could not bear it. They *will* do well. My heart tells me they will. There is an arm that is not shortened, and there is an eye that never sleepeth, and on that eye and that arm has been and shall be my confidence.

But where have I digressed from? Oh, I was saying you are twenty-one years old to-day. You have now attained the long-desired goal. You take upon you the name and character of man, a lord of creation, God's noblest work, even in "His own image." Consider the rock from whence you were hewn, and beware how you deface the beauteous work. Call home every wandering faculty, and prostrate all at the footstool of your Maker. Dedicate them this very day again to His service. Ask Him to be "about your path" and about your bed, and to spy out all your ways." It is not enough that you purpose to live the life of the righteous. Purposes, and intentions, and resolutions are excellent things, but they must be upheld by something far more powerful than an arm of flesh, or they will fall to the ground. Action tells the tale. Solomon was the wisest of men, because of his humility; yet he became the weakest. While he took God for his strength, and referred all his actions to Him, he was wise; but weakest when he suffered himself to be drawn aside by the weak and wicked whom it should have been his duty to reprove and reform by holding closer to their mental vision the lamp of spiritual light, which had so bountifully illuminated his own path. God had made him king and priest of His favored people, and he ought to have been a father in Israel. Where much is given much is required; and he who had been so highly favored and so singularly gifted, should have stood proof against every temptation. But he now stands to all posterity a monument of sinful inebriety.

Oh, that man should so far forget "what a piece of work he is, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In apprehension how like a God?" Alas! how rarely does he carry out this

noble destiny! but amuses himself with the groveling cares of earth, and earth's false pleasures, and is content.

(To be Continued.)

MY FIRST SERMON.

BY H. G. B.

NEVER shall I forget the first time I was called upon to make an effort to preach the gospel. It was in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, in the month of June, 1844.

I had been ordained an Elder and set apart to take a mission to Virginia, in company with Elder Sebert C. Shelton.

My extreme youth prevented me from realizing the responsibilities of a mission. Being a beardless boy, it never occurred to me that I would be called upon to preach. For up to that time I never had been upon my feet to say a word in public.

At a meeting that had been advertized for two weeks, at the Methodist camp meeting ground, in a grove, in the County before mentioned, were gathered an assembly of six or seven hundred men, women and children, priests, doctors and lawyers, the largest meeting I had ever witnessed up to that time.

I came to this meeting from one part of the County, and Elder Shelton was expected to come from another quarter. But the time to commence meeting had arrived, and Elder Shelton had not. The audience was impatient. A party of three or four of the leading citizens waited upon me, to know if I would not address the meeting. There never had been a "Mormon" meeting in that County before, and they could not afford to be disappointed. I was sitting near the center of the meeting (not realizing that the stand was my place) when these men made the inquiry. If a battery of artillery had been discharged in our midst, I do not think it would have so startled me, as did this request. And for the first time I began to realize that it was my duty to try. Just as I was going to answer that I would make an effort, Elder Shelton walked up on the stand, and this seemed to lift a mountain from my shoulders. Brother Shelton looked wearied and sick, but opened the meeting with singing and prayer, and sang again before he discovered me in the audience. Then he immediately called upon me to come to the stand and preach, as he was too sick and feeble to attempt it.

To say I was scared, would scarcely convey a proper idea of my condition. I was in a tremor from head to feet, and shook like a leaf in a storm, scarcely knowing what I did.

I took up Elder Shelton's Bible which lay upon the front board, and without any premeditation, I opened at the third chapter of John, and read the fifth verse.

By the time I had finished reading, all my trembling had left me, and I felt as calm and collected as the quiet that succeeds the storm. The subjects of the first principles of the gospel were opened to me like print, only plainer and more powerful. Faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, came to me in succession and in their order. And those priests, doctors, lawyers and people did not appear to me more formidable than so many butterflies.

No miracle ever performed by the power of God, could have had a more convincing effect upon me, than did the help that came to me through the power of the Holy Ghost on that occasion. And I am fully convinced in my own mind, that never since have I preached a more effective discourse, nor one accompanied by more of the power of God.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

BY KENNON.

TAKING a noble revenge is frequently called heaping coals of fire on an offender's head; and no expression could be more appropriate. When we gain advantage over some person who has injured us, if we vent feelings of animosity in a spiteful way, we descend to the level of the person who has wronged us. But if, when the proper hour for triumph comes, instead of taking a paltry vengeance, we rise above all this and show our superiority, we are indeed heaping coals of fire. And though they may only be kind words and courteous acts, nothing could be more scorching. It is not advocated that we should calmly submit to any and all injuries, giving only humble kindness in return; because many people who maliciously and persistently do wrong to others are utterly insensible to a return of good for evil. To such we can very justifiably show a spirit of resentment and a dignified contempt. But there are many other persons who, through thoughtlessness, obstinacy or a mistaken idea of justice, infringe upon the rights of their fellow-men. These individuals, if they have a spark of pride or honor, can frequently be recalled to the proper paths without a resort to harshness.

An instance, recently brought to the writer's knowledge, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR:

In the town of O—, not one hundred miles from Salt Lake City, lives an aged gentleman, W—, well known to his neighbors and all the old members of the Church as a staunch defender of the truth, and as a man of great generosity. On several occasions this winter, he detected signs of surreptitious visits to his stacks, and noticed that a slight trail of hay led from his premises to those of one George L—. Finally, deeming that the time for interference had arrived, he determined to watch during a part of one night, and try to detect the thief. His vigilance was rewarded at an early hour by the discovery of a person, who sneaked through the dividing fence and made his way to the largest and finest stack of hay. W— looked carefully and waited patiently until the marauder had helped himself extensively, and had secured a very large pack, which was wrapped with a rope. Then the owner of the hay sallied forth to overtake the thief, who was just leaving. He reached him just as he was climbing the division fence. Without a word, he seized the end of the bale and began gradually to assist the robber in making off with his booty. Soon the load became so light that L—'s suspicions were aroused, and he turned to make inquiry. Instantly W— spoke, "Don't stop, George; I'm only helping you! I saw that you had too big a load, so I thought I'd come to your relief. You've got lots of stock and mighty little feed; so the next time you may just call on me and I'll help you bind the hay, and the boys will see you safe home with it."

During all this time poor L— had not said a word; but, when the old man ceased, he poured forth a torrent of expressions of excuse. Still the old gentleman did not profess to understand that he had been wronged, but proceeded on, and did not withdraw his assistance until L—'s premises were reached. Then he left, expressing a kindly wish that all might prosper with his neighbor. From that night until the present time, W— has not suffered by the depredations of the man on whose head he heaped coals of fire.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

BY G. M.

LIVE for something. Have an aim in life, and strive for the end. History is replete with examples of noble men and worthy women, whose manly conduct or womanly virtues, will ever be admired and emulated by the good. These are the ones to pattern after. There are others who rarely say a loving word, or do a kindly deed; who are born, live and die, without conferring a benefit by thought, word or deed, upon those around them. Even these examples may be turned to profitable account. They teach the observing mind how vain is human life without an aim or purpose, and a determination to stick to it.

The poet, Longfellow, wrote:

"All are architects of fate,
"Working in these walls of time;
"Some with massive deeds, and great,
"Some with ornaments of rhyme."

What a beautiful sentiment from one whose ornaments of rhyme will be read for ages, and who has made for himself an enduring name on the page of history, as one of the world's great poets!

All are architects of their own fate; some gain renown as statesmen, scholars, inventors, etc., while some, who do not attain to world-wide eminence, live good and honorable lives, day by day, doing good, making friends, and gaining the love of the little world around them.

We can all do some good, and be useful in the world. We may help and advise a brother or sister. We may speak a kindly word to the afflicted and weary. We can be charitable where charity is needed; bear and forbear one with another; always doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. And in blessing we shall be blessed; in loving, be loved; "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

JOSEPH CLARK, THE EXTRAORDINARY POSTURE-MAKER. —Joseph Clark, of Pall Mall, was undoubtedly the most extraordinary posture-maker that ever existed. Though a well-made man, and rather gross than thin, we learn from Caulfield's "Memoirs" that he exhibited in a most natural manner almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently made himself merry with the tailors, often sending for one of them to take his measure, but so contriving as to have an immoderate rising on one of his shoulders. When his clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed to the other shoulder; upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could. But upon the third trial he was found with perfectly straight shoulders and a hump on his back. He dislocated the vertebrae of his back and other parts of his body in such a manner that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not attempt a cure. He often passed for a cripple with persons with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but entirely alter his countenance. His facial powers were more extraordinary than his flexible body. He would assume all the uncouth faces he saw at a meeting or place of amusement.

TAKE heed of a speedy professing friend; love is never lasting which flames before it burns.

SPONGE FISHING.

MUCH has already been said about sponge, in former numbers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The accompanying plate shows the methods resorted to, in obtaining sponge from the sea bottom, where we see the divers at work, detaching pieces of sponge, which they attach to ropes that bring them to the surface, where they are loaded into the boat. We see there, Syrian sponge-fishers at work; and in the distance, quite a fleet of small vessels, engaged in the same perilous occupation. The boats used are called "caiques" by the natives; they are manned by crews and divers, who are occupied during the whole of the summer months, in collecting sponges.

The Syrian diver goes down naked, with an open net round his waist, and carries a stone attached to a rope. Without instruments he tears the sponges from the rocks, throws them into the net, and giving a signal to the people above, the net is hauled up.

The Greek divers, among their own islands, or on the African coast, use a diving dress, and knife, or spear, to cut away the sponges from their attachment; but as the air tube by which they breathe often fouls, they will throw this aside.

The men remain down from 1 to 1½ minutes; they descend to the depth of from 8 to 12 fathoms. But expert divers will go down even to 40 fathoms.

Usually, from a dozen to thirty sponges are obtained at a plunge. The best kinds are said to flourish in deep water, but this is more likely to be from being less disturbed and picked off. Certain London merchants now buy direct from the boats, prepare the sponges by drying, etc., and simply pack them in cases for transmission to Europe and America. The method of preparing the different varieties of sponge for the market, has been already alluded to. A large traffic is done in

inferior, or cheap sponges, by the merchants of the East-end of London.

MY SPARE MOMENTS.

SOME one has named our spare moments "the gold-dust of time." He appreciated their value. A boy's future may often be foretold by observing the way in which he uses his spare moments.

The Children's Record tells a story which illustrates this:

A poor country lad came one morning to the door of the head-master of a celebrated school, and asked to see him.

The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

The boy did as he was desired, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr.—, if he can see me."

"You want a breakfast, most likely," said the servant, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I've no objection to a bit of bread, but I would like to see Mr.—, if he can be seen."

"Some old clothes, maybe, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothes. "I think he has none to spare;" and without at all minding the boy's request, she went about her work.

"Can I see Mr.—?" again asked

the boy, after eating his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be interrupted, he must, but he likes to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone.

Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who is very anxious to see you, so I let him in."

I do not know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know after talking a while, the



principal put aside the paper he was studying and took up a Latin book and began to examine the new-comer.

The examination lasted some time.

Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be. "Well!" exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well!" looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles.

"Why, my boy, where *did* you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

A LIFE SKETCH.

CONTAINING A FEW MORAL LESSONS.

THINKING some incidents from my experience might be of interest to the young readers of the INSTRUCTOR, I submit them for their perusal.

I was born in the year 1835, was raised in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and shared in its persecutions. At the age of thirteen, in 1848, I drove a team from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake Valley without any accident worth mentioning. The team consisted of five cows and one ox, making three yoke of cattle.

After we arrived and got fairly settled, my parents died, and left me without an education, as was the case with many more young folks who were driven with the Saints, and on this account deprived of schooling.

In this condition I concluded to make a home for myself. Before I was seventeen, it being the counsel to marry young, I went to President Young, as I was well acquainted with him, and told him what I thought of doing. He advised me to get married. I took his counsel, got married and lived with my wife's folks for a short time, as they requested.

Now, my young readers, we had not the value of fifty dollars, all told. I imagine you think this was rather young for such an undertaking.

It was then, and is now the counsel to marry young—of course, at a proper age—and I bear my testimony to the good effect of early marriages.

My vocation was that of a farmer. The drawbacks we had in consequence of crickets, grasshoppers, drouth, alkali, etc., can be better imagined than described. A few circumstances will suffice to show how my wife and I were blessed by the Lord.

In the spring of 1855, seed wheat and breadstuff were very scarce. I had none; but a neighbor of mine owed me a few bushels of wheat, and I went to collect it. He was absent from home, but his wife being acquainted with me, sent me to the granary alone to help myself.

When I had put up all the wheat that was my due, except the last half bushel, and while in the act of filling that, the temptation came to me to steal some of my neighbor's wheat. He had plenty and I had none, except the little I was then getting. I might take it without being detected, and he would never miss it. The thought had scarcely got through my mind when I knew it was from the evil one; and, as a punishment to myself for entertaining the temptation, I emptied part of the half bushel that was then in my hand back into the neighbor's bin, and did not take all that was my just due.

I took my wheat home. It was not as much as I wished to sow, but I was satisfied, and thankful for it. I placed it in a room adjoining the one I lived in, got my ground ready, and, as fast as I did so, I took wheat from my small store to

sow it with. I sowed all the ground I wished to, and sowed it thickly, as I wanted a good crop at harvest time. I noticed I still had some sacks with wheat in left. I saw that they were my sacks, and it must be my wheat. I called my wife's attention to the matter, and then it was that the spirit of the Lord rested upon us and convinced us that it had been increased by Him for our good. I got the wheat ground, and we had flour to last us till harvest, for which we gave God the glory; and I bear testimony that my wheat at that time was increased by the power of the same God that increased the widow's oil in ancient times.

In those days, most people that had teams had to depend upon the range for food for them. This was the case with me, and it often took me till ten or twelve o'clock in the day to find my team. When I found it I would return, tired out, and go to work. On one occasion I could not find my team. I knelt down and asked the Lord to direct me where to find it. After rising, contrary to my expectation, I went home. I found my horses there, tied up. They had come up themselves.

These things taught me to rely upon the Lord, and to ask Him when I needed help.

On one occasion I lost my team. I was satisfied it had been stolen. I was in Salt Lake City a short time after the occurrence, and was speaking to my uncle about my team being lost. He advised me to go to an old lady close by, and she would tell me where it was by means of cards. I told him I would do without the cards. When I returned home my wife and I knelt down and prayed that the person who took our team might be prevented from taking it out of the country, and that we might get it again. The team was taken in the summer, and in the fall of the same year a man came to me, in my field, and asked me if I knew of any person that had lost such and such animals, describing my horses. I told him they belonged to me. He then directed me where I should go to find them. I thanked him for the information and asked him how he happened to come to me, as we were strangers to each other, and my horses were not branded. He said he did not know, only that he felt impressed to ask me.

Early next morning I started after my horses. That night I found them in charge of a man who told me that a person came to him in the summer time and desired to stop with him over night. The fellow had a band of horses which his host believed he had stolen. In the morning, as they were both looking at the horses, he said to the man who brought them there, "Here is a couple of stray horses; I will take charge of these and get them to the owner." He accordingly left my two horses and took the rest of the band with him.

You can see, my little readers, how literally our prayers were answered. We recovered our horses in a good condition, and thanked the Lord.

These, with many other blessings, served to keep us humble and faithful to our covenants.

Now, the result of our early marriage is this: my family numbers twenty-four. I am the father of nineteen children, four of whom are married, and I have seven grand-children, and my present age is forty-four. I have filled many positions of trust, and I think to the entire satisfaction of my superiors. I am now a Bishop in Zion, and I think I have the faith and prayers and confidence of the Saints over whom I have the honor to preside. I mention this to show what can be done by being faithful, and observing the counsel of those whose right it is to guide and direct.

B.

CASES OF MIRACULOUS
HEALING.

BY G. W. HILL.

I NOTICED some time since in the INSTRUCTOR, an account of the power of God being made manifest in the healing of a great number of the Lamanites, under the administration of a Brother Harris, in the southern country. I thought probably it might interest the young if I were to relate some of my experience with that people.

I have witnessed a great deal more of the power of God in my administration with them, than I ever experienced with any other people. There has been quite a number of cases where I have seen them healed instantly; I remember several cases of this kind that took place on August 1st, 1875. A large party of Indians had come in from Wind River, to see what our Indians were doing, as they had heard that I was working with them, trying to teach them the principles of the gospel, and also trying to teach them how to live as the more civilized man does, by cultivating the earth. They were very anxious to find out whether an Indian would be allowed to settle down and cultivate the earth as other people do. They also wished to ascertain what our religious views were that we were teaching to those Indians, as they were interested with them, because they not only belonged to the same nation, but were related to each other as well. On the date above mentioned I was holding a meeting with them; our bowery was filled to overflowing. There were from four to five hundred Sho-sho-nees from Wind River, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred Bannocks from the far north, and our local Indians; in all, probably, about one thousand present. During our services, Elder Lorenzo Snow, Sister Eliza R. Snow, and quite a number of the authorities from Brigham City came to pay us a visit, and were surprised to see us engaged preaching to so large an audience. They came into the bowery, and all took their seats as quietly as they could, except Sister E. R. Snow, who continued to stand up, that she might have a better opportunity of seeing the effect the preaching had on the congregation. Brother Lorenzo Snow spoke to us a short time, the rest preferring to look on. I expect they thought it was a queer spectacle to see a man trying to preach to a congregation such as I had. But a more attentive congregation I never saw, nor one that paid more respect to the speaker.

After the meeting was dismissed, the scenes I was going to relate took place. They hurried me to the water, as there were so many that wanted to be baptized. I did not stop to visit with the brothers and sisters who came to see us, but went immediately to the river. I baptized over three hundred before I came out of the water. Amongst the number there were several that were sick. Some had been sick for a long time, and all, without an exception, on being baptized for their health, were healed. There was one man that had been sick for several months; he had been so bad that he was unable to walk a step for four or five months. It took three men to carry him into the water to be baptized. I baptized him for his health and for the remission of his sins, when he walked out of the river with one man walking on each side of him to steady him, and he got well immediately. There were in this company of Indians, some eight or nine persons that were possessed of the evil one, or something of that kind. The first of these was a large, strong woman. Now an Indian is no more afraid of water than a duck; but when I raised this

woman out of the water, she wilted and dropped on my arm, as lifeless, to all appearance, as if she had been dead a week. The old chief was standing on the bank of the river, preaching to the Indians all the while I was baptizing. When he saw this, he shouted "one;" the second chief also shouted "one." I did not know what this meant, but the old chief, noticing my embarrassment, said, "Do not be in a hurry, father, she will soon be all right." In about a minute her breath returned to her, and she walked out of the river all right. As I said before, I baptized eight or nine of such cases that day, the old chief keeping count all the time. He told me that they had been practicing their witchcraft and working with their black art so much, that he did not expect anything else of them; but it caused me to reflect a great deal. Some of those that were operated upon in this way were men, and when I would raise them out of the water they would hang upon my arm breathless, and as limber as a half filled sack of wheat. This same chief took sick about a week after he was baptized, and called for baptism for his health. I baptized him, and he got well immediately. The power of God was made manifest in his case to such an extent, and made so much impression upon him, that, on being taken sick last summer, he started to come a distance of between two and three hundred miles on horseback, to be baptized for his health. Now, if he had never been healed himself, nor seen anybody else healed, he would never have started that distance on horseback to have that ordinance performed.

The Lamanites are very much like other people; some of them have great faith, and will be healed of any sickness, no matter how severe the attack, while others will not seem to be benefited in the least. I have frequently administered to them when they were burning up, as it were, with mountain fever, and before I would get my hands off their heads, their faces would be covered with large drops of sweat, and the fever would be entirely gone. I remember one case of this kind among many others that took place on Salmon River, in the fall of 1855. A band of Indians came in from their hunt, with a little girl, very sick of mountain fever. Their relatives told them that we practiced the ordinance of laying on hands for the healing of the sick. When the father came after me, I told him that we did not make a practice of administering to those that did not belong to the Church; and if we went and administered to the child, and it recovered, I should expect him to be baptized. He said it was a bargain. Accordingly I took David Moore, of Ogden, and B. F. Cummings, Sen., with me, and we anointed the child and laid our hands upon her. When we took our hands off her head, her face was literally covered with large drops of sweat; the fever was gone, and the child got well immediately. On the Sunday following I baptized fifty-six, her father being the first in the water.

Lest I should weary your patience, I will relate but one more instance. On August 11, 1875, the soldiers had, through the instigation of the people of Corinne, come up to Corinne, to drive the Indians from the farm where they made their first start, in the spring of that year, to cultivate the earth, and settle themselves. When the officers and I had got through with our talk, and were getting ready to return, an Indian by the name of Tat-toosh, came for me to go and administer to his child, telling me to hurry or it would be dead. I took some Indians with me and went. When I got to his place, I found the child's mother sitting out in the sun, trying to warm it in that way. The child seemed to be dying; its flesh was cold and clammy, and a death sweat was

upon it. We anointed it, and while administering to it I seemed to see the child at different stages until it was grown. I blessed it accordingly to live, and told its mother it would get well. The child seemed to remain in the same condition until the next day about three o'clock. The major had come up and changed the orders of the previous evening, which were for me to tell the Indians to go on with their harvesting, as he would not disturb them; but now the orders were if the Indians had not broken camp by 12 o'clock the next day, and started for some reservation, he should use force and drive them to one. Now, as I was going to the camp to get the Indians to leave, I met Tat-toosh, who told me that the child was dead. I said, "No, I cannot believe that the child is dead." He said it was, and that its mother and friends were crying about it. I had no time to go and see it, as I had to hurry to the camp. They had no time to bury the child there, consequently, they wrapped it up in its blankets, and packed it on a horse until they would have time to bury it. It took some three hours to get the camp on the move, and after carrying the child in that way some ten miles, they discovered that it was alive. This was on Thursday, and on the Sunday following I saw its father in Cache Valley. He said he never saw a child get well so fast in his life; and it is now quite fat and hearty.

THE LAWS OF THE NEPHITES.

BY G. R.

(Continued.)

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

THE statement is frequently made, though in slightly different phrases, that the law had no power to punish a man for his belief (p. 235) "for it was strictly contrary to the commands of God that there should be a law which should bring men on to unequal grounds" (p. 321). If a man "believed in God it was his privilege to serve Him, if he did not believe in Him, there was no law to punish him. * * A man was punished only for the crimes he had done; therefore all men were on equal grounds" (p. 321). Unbelief was handled by the church, not by the civil law. The names of those whose hearts were hardened were "blotted out and they were remembered no more among the people of God." During the days of the judges there was no church by law established: when the people served God, they elected righteous men for their rulers, when the masses fell into unbelief and transgression they chose Gadianton robbers and such like to administer their laws.

If the rights of women, under the law, were any different, more or less, than those of men, we have no information; in fact, the inspired record is entirely silent on this subject.

The criminal law inflicted the death penalty for murder, rebellion and treason; for robbery, theft, adultery, sexual abominations, fraud and lying, lesser punishments were inflicted (p. 234, 321, 358, etc.)

The first recorded case of execution for murder under the rule of the judges is that of Nehor, for killing the aged patriot, Gideon (p. 234). Another noteworthy case is that of Paanehi, the son of Pahoran, of whom it is written that he was "tried according to the voice of the people, and condemned unto death; for he had raised up in rebellion, and sought to destroy the liberty of the people" (p. 429).

No high priest, judge nor lawyer had power to inflict capital punishment. When a man had been tried and condemned to death by the law, his condemnation had to be signed by the governor of the land, before the sentence could be carried out (p. 491). The mention of governor in this relation, with other passages in which the chief judge and governor are spoken of as different persons (see p. 482) suggests the idea that as the Nephites grew in numbers and spread over distant regions, the duties of the chief judge became excessive, and a separation was made between the executive and judicial responsibilities, and divided between two officers.

The mode of inflicting the death penalty is not stated, but we incline to the idea that hanging was often resorted to. Military offenders were, as a rule, put to death with the sword. Of Nehor it is said that he suffered an ignominious death, at the top of the hill Manti, and that, before his death, he acknowledged "between heaven and earth" that he had taught false doctrine (p. 234). Zemnarihah was hanged upon the top of a tree "until he was dead," and then the Nephites felled the tree to the earth (p. 486). Many of the martyrs were burned to death by unjust judges, or stoned, as was Timothy, one of the Twelve Disciples and the brother of Nephi; but we regard this last act as resulting from the violence of a mob, rather than from any pretended execution of the law.

The law with regard to debtors seems to have been somewhat severe. On this point it is stated (p. 265), "Now if a man owed another, and he would not pay that which he did owe, he was complained of to the judge; and the judge executed authority, and sent forth officers that the man should be brought before him; and he judged the man according to the law and the evidences which were brought against him, and thus the man was compelled to pay that which he owed, or he stripped, or he cast out from among the people as a thief and a robber." If a man desired to pay, but could not, from misfortune, we doubt not but that the law contained some merciful provision in his behalf.

It is more than probable that the mode of procedure in all criminal cases very much resembled the one cited above, and from it we can gather a very clear idea of the practice of their courts, which differs but little from that of our own day. The complaint was first made, the proper officer was then authorized by the court to arrest the accused and bring him before the judge, the trial then took place, the witnesses gave their testimony, the law and the evidence were examined, the opposing lawyers were heard, the judgment was given, the sentence pronounced and lastly carried out. In times of war the military code seems to have varied according to the exigencies of the situation. As a rule, the Nephite armies were composed of volunteers (p. 422). In times of great danger to the republic, enlarged powers were given to the commander-in-chief. In one place we find the statement (p. 372), that Moroni, having been appointed by the chief judge and the voice of the people, "had power according to his will with the armies of the Nephites, to establish and to exercise authority over them;" also, "he caused to be put to death" those of the Amalickiahites (rebels) who would not enter into a covenant to support the cause of freedom and the rights of their fellow-countrymen.

Prisoners of war were evidently treated much the same as in modern civilized nations. Indeed, in one place, the fact that the necessities of his position compelled Moroni to set his Lamanite prisoners to work, is referred to in somewhat of an apologetic tone (p. 395). When such prisoners attempted to escape,

they were slain by their guards. We have numerous instances where prisoners were released on parole, or on their giving such promises as were thought necessary to the Nephite general.

It frequently happened, during the days of the judges, that the Nephites, in some of their periodical spasms of apostasy and wickedness, would clamor for changes to be made in their just and wise laws, in a manner to better suit their degraded habits and course of life. When the majority of the people were on the side of righteousness, these attempts were in vain. When wickedness abounded, the corrupt majority carried their points. The record of their history shows, that in the sixty-second year of the judges, (B. C. 30), they had altered and trampled under their feet the laws of Mosiah, or that which the Lord had commanded him to give unto the people" (p. 438); and that their laws had become corrupted, and they a wicked people like unto the Lamanites (p. 439). Seven years later the corruption of the people had become pitiable. The Gadianton robbers were "filling the judgment seats; having usurped the power and authority of the land; laying aside the commandments of God, and not in the least aright before Him; doing no justice unto the children of men; condemning the righteous because of their righteousness; letting the guilty and the wicked go unpunished, because of their money; and moreover to be held in office at the head of government to rule and do according to their wills, that they might get gain and glory of the world; and moreover that they might the more easily commit adultery, and steal, and kill, and do according to their own wills" (p. 448). Such a condition of affairs, in the course of time, wrought national disintegration, and would have brought about that result much sooner than it did, had it not been, that, influenced by the mighty preaching of the inspired servants of God, the Nephites (or portions of them) had now and again returned to the service of heaven. But such happy periods were short-lived, and matters went from bad to worse until thirty years after the birth of Christ, when the republican form of government was entirely broken up, and the people split up into numerous tribes, each tribe caring only for its own interests, and each giving obedience to its own particular chief. This state of things continued only for about four years, as during the terrible convulsions at the time of the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, the more wicked portion of the people were destroyed.

(To be Continued.)

INDIAN CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS.

BY H. PRATT.

WHILE traveling and preaching among the various tribes of Indians who inhabit Arizona, New Mexico and Chihuahua and Sonora, of old Mexico, I learned many things pertaining to their traditions, manners, customs, etc. The Apaches of Arizona are a very numerous nation, consisting of a number of tribes, who have been, and some are still, at war with the whites. They have no houses or towns, but dwell in tents and rude wigwags, which afford them but poor shelter from the sun, wind or rain.

They make their raids through southern Arizona and New Mexico, killing the ranchmen and running off their stock, etc. When pursued by the troops, they hasten to cross the line into old Mexico. In course of time they repeat their depredations

on the people of that country, and return again to United States soil.

In talking with a Mexican, who had been many years a captive among these Indians, I learned that they had a tradition among them to the effect that their forefathers were once the sole proprietors of this American continent, and that no other people then dwelt upon this land. And they still believe they (the Apaches) will come in possession of it again. Now, this agrees with the Book of Mormon, so far as their once having possessed this land is concerned, and no doubt many of the descendants of father Lehi will yet have an inheritance on this continent.

This people, although warlike, and very degraded in many respects, have a very great respect for virtue, and they have very strict laws in this regard. If it is suspected that a person has been untrue to his marriage vow he is tried by a council of the tribe, and, if found guilty, the fleshy part of his nose is cut off from his face, thus leaving a mark that all can see, as a penalty for his crime.

I will here say that the Apaches are polygamists, and that wherever we found Indian tribes practicing polygamy, according to all accounts, they were much more virtuous than the monogamist tribes.

At El Paso, there are some two hundred Pueblo Indians living, who have their organization as a tribe, and hold regular meetings, independent of the Catholic church, although they are all Catholics. When we visited this place we found one young Indian who believed our testimony; but his father, a very old man, and a strong Catholic, could not at first see as his son did, and this caused considerable discussion between them at different times. At the close of one of these discussions, the father said: "My son, I have something which I wish to tell you. It is a tradition which has been handed down in our tribe from father to son, for many generations. According to this tradition there were three great events to occur in the history of the Indians of Mexico. Two of these we claim have already taken place, but the other is still in the future. The first of these was that a white race should come among us who would conquer us with the sword, take from us our rights, and bring us into servitude. We claim that this was fulfilled by Cortez and the Spaniards conquering Mexico. The second great event was that we should rise up and free ourselves of the yoke of tyranny and oppression, and become a free people again. We claim that this has also taken place—that Juarez (who was a native Indian) and his followers did throw off this yoke, and establish a free government in Mexico. Now the third, which is not yet fulfilled, is that another white race is to come among us, and go through and conquer the entire people; not with the sword, but with the words of truth. Now, my son, you say these men have come, and that they talk good, and that they claim to have the history of our forefathers. How do we know but they are the very men we have been looking for so many years?"

Porfirio Diaz, who is now president of Mexico, Altamirano, the chief justice, and many of the other civil officers of that republic, as well as the officers of the army, are full blooded Indians; so that it may be said that the government of Mexico is really in the hands of the Indians, and that much of the tradition, at least, has been fulfilled. The time is probably not far distant when the fulfillment of the remainder of the tradition will be accomplished by thousands of the Indians in that region accepting the gospel as preached by our Elders.

There is a tradition among all the tribes we visited that their redemption is in the near future.

WELCOME TO OUR UNION MEETING.

WORDS BY G. M.

MUSIC BY A. PARSONS.

*Moderato.**cres.*

mf 1. Welcome to our Un-ion meeting, Zi-on's teachers—guides of youth; Raise a-loud the
2. Oh, how glorious is our mission, To di-rect the youthful mind! In this great and
joy-ful greeting, Hail to all who love the truth. Love and kindness all pos-sess-ing, This shall be an
high am-bi-tion, Sweetest blessings do we find. In this no-ble cause progressing, God will add to
hour of bless-ing. Love and kindness all pos-sess-ing, This shall be an hour of bless-ing.
us His bless-ing. In this no-ble cause progress-ing, God will add to us His bless-ing.

Parents, teachers, here we gather,
Seeking wisdom from on high,
Trusting in our Heavenly Father
Who will grant us rich supply.
And His spirit all possessing,
'Tis an hour of sweetest blessing.

Welcome then to join our Union,
All who love to serve the Lord;
We come to the sweet communion,
That our meeting doth afford.
Love and kindness all possessing,
We'll secure a Father's blessing.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible, and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall, in a few hours, wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow-moving ages of eternity obliterate.

How careful, then, should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful, how serious and how earnest to write the eternal truths which shall be his guide and teacher

when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God!

THE answer to the Puzzle published in No. 2 is the letter T. We have received correct solutions from John Walton and Isabella Walton, Mill Creek.

ERRATUM.—A typographical error occurred in No. 3, in the article on "The Laws of the Nephites." The last line of page 27 reads, "a senine of gold, or its equivalent, a senine of silver." It should be "a *seum* of silver."

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